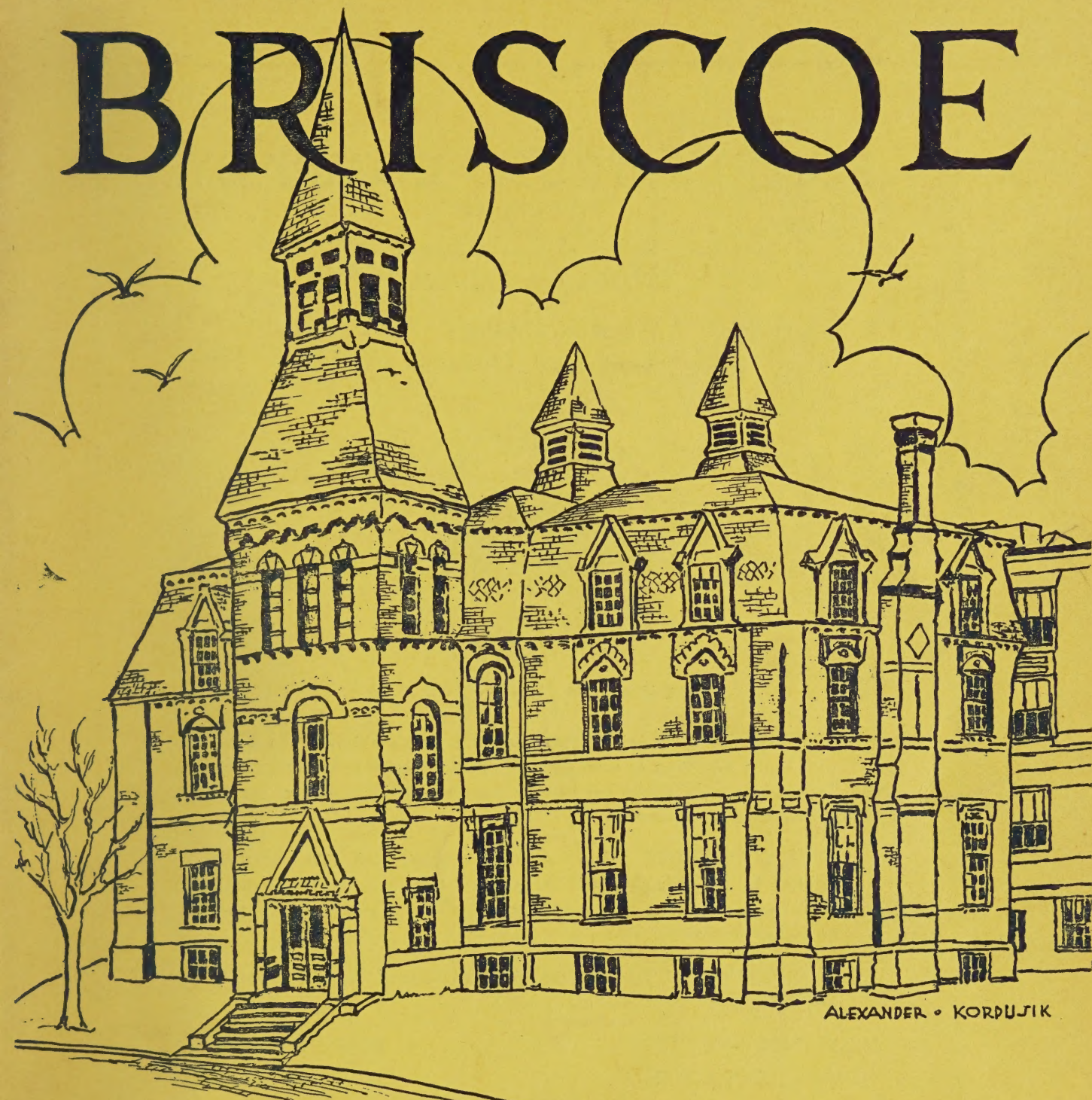




BRISCOE



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JUNE 1956

BRIEFS

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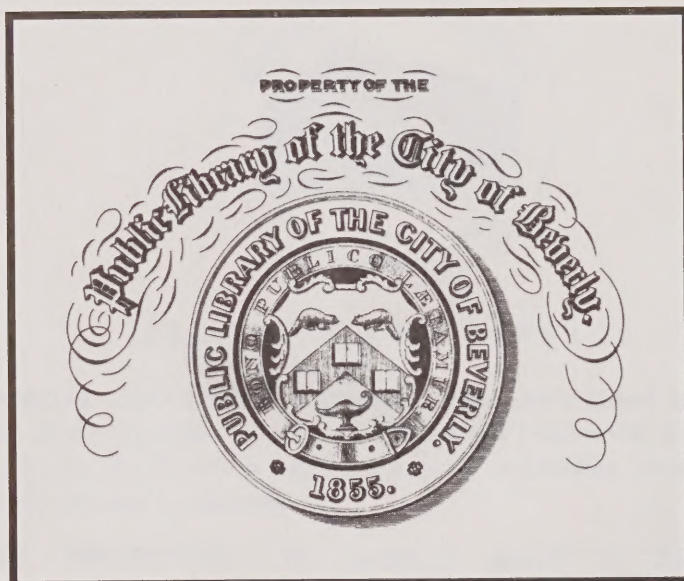
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BRISCOE BRIEFS

An annual publication by the students of Briscoe Junior High School,
Beverly, Massachusetts

VOLUME XXIX

JUNE, 1956

PRICE 60c

Theme:

*“Loitering slow, the Future creepeth –
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth –”*

- - FRIEDRICK VON SCHILLER

Table of Contents

STARR M. KING	2
DEDICATION	3
EDITORIALS	5
LITERARY	9
CLASS LEADERS OF 1956	15
CLASS OF 1956	16
SPORTS	22
FEATURES	23
HUMOR	25
ADVERTISEMENTS	27



STARR M. KING

Dedication

THE pupils of Briscoe Junior High School respectfully dedicate this issue of the BRISCOE BRIEFS to Starr M. King, Superintendent of Schools in Beverly from September, 1935, to March 31, 1956. We acknowledge with gratitude his energetic and sincere leadership and wish him good fortune in whatever he may choose to undertake.

STARR M. KING

THROUGH the efforts of our Superintendent of Schools for the last twenty-one years, Starr M. King, citizens of Beverly can look with pride at their outstanding school system. During Mr. King's administration our system of education has undergone many improvements. We have progressed from six years of grammar school, two of junior high, and four of high school to a progressive 6-3-3 system. Largely through Mr. King's efforts we have built one of the most modern junior high schools in the state, Memorial Junior High.

Although born in New Lebanon, New York, just beyond the Berkshires, Mr. King spent most of his boyhood in Adams, Massachusetts. He attended Adams' eight year grammar school and four year high school where he became interested in science and mathematics. He played on his high school football and baseball teams. Upon graduation from Adams High School Mr. King went to the University of Massachusetts and then to Harvard for his Master's Degree in Education. World War I interrupted his college education, however, and he graduated from the University of Massachusetts in 1921 instead of 1919.

After leaving college, Mr. King acquired a position at Deerfield Academy, a boys' preparatory school in Deerfield, Massachusetts. While here he taught chemistry and was football coach, but of more significance an interest in education was aroused in him. Mr. King held successive teaching and coaching positions at Newburyport High School, Rutgers Preparatory School in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Malden High School before becoming Superintendent of Schools in Newburyport in 1928. During his seven years in Newburyport, he worked incessantly for a new high school building, realizing his objective just as he was about to leave the city.

In 1935 Mr. King was selected for the office of Superintendent of Schools by the Beverly School Committee. He immediately started working to improve our school system.

A major step in this improvement was taken when, in 1936, Beverly High School was changed from a four year to a three year school. Accord-

ingly, Briscoe was converted into an eighth and ninth grade school rather than the seventh and eighth grade school it had been.

The need for a three year junior high school was first recommended in 1938, and a study was made to determine the soundness of the proposal. Mr. King was one of the vital men in the movement to get a new school built.

With World War II all building progress in our school system was halted. Only three days after Pearl Harbor Mr. King was recalled to the Army, where he served for four years, attaining the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Immediately after the war, the need for additional schools became apparent. School enrollments had increased and Beverly's population was steadily growing. However, the cost of materials had also risen and a new school was found to cost more than expected. Finally through the work of Mr. King and the school committee, Memorial Junior High School was completed by September, 1954.

Plans have been made to build new schools in Beverly Cove, in North Beverly, and at Ryal Side, as well as to provide another junior high to replace Briscoe. If present plans are followed, these will be built, and the high school will be enlarged and overhauled by 1962. In all this work, Mr. King has been essential, combining his experience and ideas with those of others in making Beverly's school system a superior one.

At present, Mr. King resides at 21 Baker Avenue. Married, he has two daughters and three sons. Mr. King enjoys much of his leisure time at his farm in Waterboro, Maine, where he raises fruits, vegetables, and maple sap for sugar and syrup.

It is extremely evident that in Starr M. King, Beverly has had an excellent Superintendent of Schools and that the residents of Beverly owe him much for his work in making Beverly's school system one of which we can be proud.

ALAN NAGEL, L-1

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Editorials

THE UNITED NATIONS AND YOUTH

"A PLEDGE TO YOUTH" was the title of the new plan for helping children all over the world. Young people are important in the United Nations. When fifty countries signed the United Nations Charter on June 26, 1945, in San Francisco, they made their pledge to youth in the first seventeen words of the Preamble: "We, the people of the United Nations, determine to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war—"

In the years ahead building a better world for youth would be a part of all the work the United Nations did. United Nations teams would travel all over the world, working with the foreign governments so that young people and children might have more food, better health, more schools, and more fun.

In many countries left devastated by World War II, millions of children who needed food, clothing, shelter, and medical care were driven from their homes by the fighting. Homeless, many children wandered about, living in caves, in the ruins of wrecked buildings, in burned out railroad cars, and any other place where they could find shelter against the rain and snow. Many were lost, not knowing where their parents were or even who they were. Other families were fortunate only in being together.

The United Nations acted to help meet this great need by establishing such organizations as UNRRA, meaning The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration; UNICEF, United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund; FAO, Food and Agricultural Organization; WHO, World Health Organization; UNESCO, United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization.

UNICEF provides for the hungry children milk, bread, and soup, very simple but very nourishing. The number of meals served in a day increased to six million. UNICEF bought enough skimmed milk powdered to make several billion cups of milk.

Succeeding generations will be saved by this forward looking and humane program.

CAROL ENGLEHARDT, 7-3

"LOITERING SLOW THE FUTURE CREEPETH; ARROW-SWIFT THE PRESENT SWEEPETH"

DO we the students of Briscoe realize what the future holds? Although it slowly approaches, we must make the most of each speeding day.

Here at Briscoe we are learning the history of our country, but at the same time are making our own individual life history. We find that our busy program and friendly associations perhaps too often make us forget the passing of time. At the same time, we may wish that we were older and through with school. We should recognize how fortunate we are to be Americans, free to learn so that we may become better citizens and future leaders.

The junior high years are the introductory years in which we must make the most of the present as the future slowly approaches.

So, as another school year nears an end and our class prepares to graduate from Briscoe Junior High School, let us all resolve to do our best each day so that our memories will always be proud ones in the tomorrows to come.

HELEN HOVEY, F-1
Editor-in-Chief.

OUR GROWING COMMUNITY

SINCE the days of Robert Briscoe, for whom our school was named, the Garden City of Beverly has undergone many changes. The population of approximately 32,000 is increasing the demand for new and modern facilities.

The housing problem which followed World War II has been considerably lessened by the construction of many new, modern-styled dwellings. This "away from the city" movement has brought many new families to Beverly.

The addition of one new elementary school and one new junior high school has expanded the educational system. Plans for two new elementary schools are in the offing.

Modern architecture now gives Cabot Street, the business district, its "new look". Commer-

cially the "new look" has been introduced by the panoramic-styled windows of the Webber and the Almy department stores, the panel-designed Beverly Trust Company, the impressive marble-terra cotta exterior of the Beverly Cooperative Bank, and the colonial brick and pillared Beverly National Bank.

Activities for youth are provided by the Little League, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Y.M.C.A., the Boys' Club, and the Recreational Program. Participation in baseball, basketball, bowling, swimming, and softball offers competition and enjoyment for all.

Addition of a new wing to the present Beverly Hospital will assure citizens of the best in medical care and attention. Adjacent communities also will receive health and safety protection from the improved medical institution.

Beverly is fortunate in having a variety of churches to serve spiritual needs. It welcomes one new church, St. John the Evangelist, in North Beverly.

Beverly as a municipality is striving to fulfill her ever-growing needs.

ROBERT TEAGUE, 7-5.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-DUTCH

IT is a strange sight in this modern day and age to see Amish or Pennsylvania-Dutch families come to town to do their shopping. As their religion does not allow them to use any modern form of transportation, they usually arrive in a horse and buggy.

Their dress, too, is quaint. The men and boys wear black woolen suits, broad-brimmed hats, and shirts which are very bright in color. The girls and women wear long black or gray dresses and keep their heads covered at all times with lacy black or white Dutch caps.

Unlike us, they are not allowed to cut their hair, or at least the women are not, for they part it in the middle and pull it back into a bun. The men, if they are married, have beards and wear their hair in a Dutch bob.

Their farms are considered the best in the country, and their barns and houses are very picturesque. The barns are usually covered on the outside with beautiful symbols which are supposed to ward off all evil.

Those who like strange and interesting people should take a trip to Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

JANICE DUPONT, 8-5

JOHN FREMONT

JOHN FREMONT was born in 1813 in Savannah, Georgia, and was educated at Charleston College, South Carolina. He is best known for his expeditions into the Far West, which covered a period from 1842 to 1846. On one of his trips he climbed one of the highest mountains in the Wind River Range in Wyoming, now called Fremont Peak.

I am particularly interested in Fremont and other adventurous men who pioneered this section of the country. This summer I am planning to join several other boys on a trip out to the West Coast, which will include Wyoming. Since we will probably do some mountain climbing, I hope to see or maybe even climb Fremont Peak. I also hope to see some blazed trails or historical sites named for Fremont.

From 1859 - 1856 Fremont served as a Senator from the state of California. He then ran for President and was defeated by James Buchanan. In his later years, shortly after the Civil War broke out, he became governor of the state of Arizona. He lived until the age of 77, dying in 1890.

CHARLES F. ELLIOT, 8-3

BRISCOE BRIEFS DANCES

TO raise money for the school magazine, on Wednesday evening, April 18, the "Briscoe Briefs" sponsored the first evening dance held at Briscoe in many years. In the assembly hall, gaily decorated with balloons and streamers, nearly two hundred Briscoe students danced to the music of Gordon Reid and his nine-piece orchestra. Prizes were awarded to the winners of the elimination dance, Joanne Datillo and Tom Bartera, and a door prize was won by Mike Tolvanen. Invited guests included Principal and Mrs. William J. Foley, Miss Una Hazelton, Mr and Mrs. John Huffman, and Miss Frances Trowt. The committee in charge included Helen Hovey, Alan Nagel, Georgia Bunk, Virginia Lansol, Donald Fortunato, Wayne Mitchell, and Bruce Smithson. Much of the credit for the success of the dance goes to the Advisory Council and its sponsor, Miss Hazelton, who took entire charge of the advance ticket sales.

In addition to the evening dance the "Briscoe Briefs" also sponsored two afternoon record hops

SKIING AT BLACK MOUNTAIN

ONE of the lesser known of New Hampshire's Eastern Slopes ski areas is Black Mountain Tramway, Inc. and Whitney's, just outside of Jackson, New Hampshire. Although it is not considered by most skiers a major resort, it has, to my mind, all of the necessary advantages of other areas.

From the top of the Alpine Lift, a panorama of the White Mountains thrills the skier. To the northwest is Mt. Washington, sedately dominating the horizon. Surrounding it are many other stately peaks, including nearly all of the Presidential Range.

When the skier recovers from the startling beauty of the white world, he has a choice of twelve trails. For the expert there are steep, narrow trails, dropping nearly straight down the mountain. Following the lift from the top a third of the way down and then branching off to the left is the Roller Coaster Trail, one of the faster trails for experienced skiers. The Bobolink trail, one of the numerous intermediate trails, is perfect for the skier who desires a trail providing thrills and excitement without danger. Even the clumsiest beginner can ski the novice trails, up to two and one-half miles long, or if he wishes may schuss one of the practice slopes with their J-bar lift and rope tows.

Upon reaching the bottom after his repeated runs down through the varied terrain, the weary skier stumbles to the warming hut and reviews a rewarding day.

ALAN NAGEL, L-1

SKYWATCH

HAVE you ever wondered while you are in bed asleep what is going on around you? Every night while you sleep some person stands alone, watching and listening hour after hour as the long night drags on. This person is like you and me, just an average American, who gives these night hours to protect millions of us. He doesn't get paid. He is just a volunteer. He is trained to find aggressors passing over our borders. With the new weapons of war, the Atlantic and Pacific no longer protect our dear homeland. Radar has its own mechanical breakdowns, too. These men of the Ground Observer Corps are indispensable. Think it over. Are you grateful enough to them?

DONALD PHIPPS, PA-1

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

THE Advisory Council of Briscoe is composed of five students called keys and the president of each homeroom. The keys are chosen from the eighth grade by the faculty and the eighth grade class elects one to be president. This person represents the Spirit of Briscoe and holds the Master Key. The remaining four are the smaller keys which are Scholarship, Activities, Friendship, and Fair Play.

The members of the council are Ellen Hennessey, president; Keys: Alan Nagel, Helen Hovey, John Ward, and Joan Morgan. The seventh grade representatives are Gisela Feyerabend, Antonio Toscano, John Davenport, Albert Dubois, Marilyn Woods and Richard Russo. Eighth grade representatives are Joanne Datillo, Ronnie Sue Fireman, James George, Patricia Obear and Richard Smithson. The ninth grade is represented by Leo Allen, William Hamor, Martha Ossoff and James Gibbons.

The purpose of the council is to promote better understanding between the student body and the faculty. It teaches the members the correct way of presiding over a meeting by parliamentary procedure and gives them experience in leadership.

Under the supervision of Miss Hazelton, the council discusses the student activities of Briscoe. Problems may be brought up for discussion on the council by the homeroom presidents. Various committees, such as the savings committee, the sick fund committee, the safety committee, are formed within the council to work for the betterment of the school. The Advisory Council plays an important part in the life of each student of Briscoe.

ELLEN HENNESSEY, L-1

INSECT INVASION

IF you have ever been to Benson's Wild Animal Farm, you may have had the same unusual experience I had. It all happened when my father said, "Let's get some tonic." We got orangeade and then it happened! Buz-z-z-z-z! Buz-z-z-z-z! I hollered, "Look out! Bees!" They came at us like Japanese suicide fliers. Splash! One flew right into my tonic and started swimming around in it. I dropped my tonic. When he came out of the cup I thought he was staggering. More bees came. They attacked my family. Buz-z-z-z-z!

They lost their tonic, too. You see people and bees have one thing in common, they both like orangeade.

THOMAS A. WALSH, 7-2

HOME AND SCHOOL VERSUS T. V.

TELEVISION has changed everything! How often have you heard that statement around your home or at school? Do you do your homework in a quiet atmosphere or when listening to one of Alfred Hitchcock's thrillers? Are your meals eaten slowly or do you gulp down your food during an intermission of one of your favorite programs?

Many people think this new invention is educational; others think it is making juvenile delinquents of us. In many ways all bear some truth.

Newsreels, current events and quiz programs are certainly considered educational, but the complaint of parents is that the average teen-ager prefers a good thriller on the opposite channel.

"Why, when I was young," parents will say, "we had family discussions after dinner, and no one was arguing to see a certain program or telling each other to be quiet so he could hear it."

But it is not only the teen-agers who enjoy this luxury. For instance, ask Dad why he changed his brand of cigarettes and Mom where she got the recipe for tonight's supper, and most likely it was an advertisement on T. V.

With all the pleasure and entertainment brought to us by this wonderful device, no one will deny it has made drastic changes in many American homes.

JUDITH WARD, 8-4

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

THE Business Managers of the BRISCOE BRIEFS wish to thank the merchants and executives of the North Shore, who by their kindness in advertising, have made possible this issue. Because of their generous support we are printing the entire magazine this year. We are very grateful to them and on behalf of the entire staff we thank them.

We, in return, know that the students of Briscoe, their parents, and their friends will patronize the stores and offices of our advertisers.

JOAN MORGAN, *Business Manager*

JUDY WARD, *Assistant Business Manager*

DOROTHY DOUGLAS, *Assistant Business Manager*

WHY I LIKE PROGRESSIVE JAZZ

SHORTLY after World War II a new kind of jazz was being played. Bebop, rebop, or bop had come out of Harlem and was being heard across the country. Soon it gained the more respectable title of progressive jazz. Bands such as Stan Kenton's and Pete Rugulo's began touring the country. In the first bop combo, Bird, the fabulous Charlie Parker was playing progressions never before heard in jazz or elsewhere. It was Parker, along with others, who had started the bop movement and was leading its growth.

As well as finding bop extremely interesting, I find it often beautiful. Forerunner of the cool jazz, bop revolutionized many basic jazz ideas. The rhythm of bop was totally different: the beat was not emphasized; the drummer was not required to keep a steady beat but could play quasi solos behind the soloists; the piano and guitar players were not pounding out block chords as they had previously done, but had considerable freedom. In the big orchestras the sound was often softened entirely and dynamics became very important.

Bop soloists are not as limited as soloists had previously been. Usually in the big bands the melodic backgrounds help rather than hinder the soloist. Combo men follow the soloist instead of vice versa.

Extremely important for the small groups is the fact that a piece need not be fast or bouncy. For this reason numbers by men such as Rodgers and Hart are much more popular in bop groups than elaborate compositions made famous by such men as Benny Goodman.

All these details make it possible for progressive jazz to come closer to achieving the true purpose of jazz, that of allowing a musician complete freedom to express an idea. In bop a musician can play a solo in which he is not limited by a definite background or heavy beat, and in which he is helped by the chord progression if it is written.

Since the early 1940's jazz as an art form has expanded vastly, and as long as a spark of freedom and independence survives, musicians will turn to jazz as a means of expressing themselves, and non-musicians will listen to a basic voice of freedom.

ALAN NAGEL, L-1

Literary

UNLUCKY FRIDAY?

"OH, no, it can't be," thought Michele as she climbed out of bed and looked at her clock. It was 7:45. "I'll be right down," she yelled to her father as she walked past the stairs to the bathroom. "Of all the days for Friday to fall on the 13th. Today when I have to take care of the meals and housekeeping and we're going to have an English test and I wanted to ask Daddy for some money to get a dress for the spring dance. With my luck, I'll probably get an 'E' in the test and Daddy won't even let me go to the dance, let alone buy me a dress."

"Will you please get out of the bathroom? You've been in there long enough to write a book," yelled her father.

"Oh, gosh," thought Mickey, "Daddy's in a bad mood."

"Gee, today is going all wrong," Mickey confided to Suellen, her best friend on the way home from school. "I was going to get up early and make breakfast because Mother is sick in bed with a cold and I thought I could ask Daddy for some money for a dress. Now I've gone and flunked the English test and my brother Scott told Daddy I'm buttering him up for some money. EEKS, my books!" yelled Mickey as she tripped over a black cat and fell flat on her back and landed in a mud puddle.

"Wow, have you got it bad today!" exclaimed Suellen as she tried to pick up her books and papers, which were scattered all over the sidewalk. "Don't look now, but here comes Tony Hardings."

Tony was the only boy Mickey thought was worth speaking to in the whole school, but because of her good manners she spoke to quite a few more than just Tony. She was going to the dance with him, if Scott didn't tell her father a story about how wild the sophomore boys were just to try to even up an argument Mickey had won with Scott a few days ago. Scott knew very well the sophomore boys set the standard of the school.

"Hi, Mickey, have an accident?" chuckled Tony as he helped her to her feet. "Say, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Sure," answered Mickey.

"Well," Tony began, "it's about the dance. I can't take you because I had already promised Pamela Kennedy about a month ago and I forgot about it."

"Oh, if you promised her you better keep your promise," said Mickey, making no effort to hide the fact that she was hurt. "What's another disappointment?" she thought to herself.

"Hi, Dad, how's Mom?" Mickey inquired of her father as she entered the house.

"Because of your laziness this morning, your mother had to get up and make breakfast and now she is feeling much worse," her father remarked, sparing no mercy.

A yell from the kitchen saved Mickey from a good talking to from her father. Both Mickey and her father ran to the kitchen and collided with Scott, who was running into the living room.

"What happened in the kitchen?" inquired Mr. Burke of his son.

"Your dear little son William was playing cops and robbers with his devilish little friends in the kitchen and one of them fell from the top of the cabinet where he was hiding and he knocked over the contents of one of the cabinets, which you, my dear sister, as appointed housekeeper of the day in Mother's absence, will have to clean up. It seems they were also having a water fight," exclaimed Scott, overjoyed at the fact that his sister would have to do some real old-fashioned work for a change. "Now, will you please get off my foot, as you are sitting on it? Get up, get up, get up!"

Mickey opened her eyes to find her mother standing over her, trying to wake her.

"Why I must have been dreaming!" exclaimed Mickey.

"Yes, I guess you were," her mother replied. "Your father had to leave on an important business trip late last night and he asked me to give you this envelope."

Mickey's hands were trembling as she opened the envelope. She could not imagine what was in it. "Why, it's a check for \$20 and a note that says, 'If I waited for you to get up the courage to ask me for the money, you would be an old maid, so I took the advice of Scott and made this out for you.' Pinch me, someone, I must be dreaming."

"I'd be only too happy to," said Scott as he entered the room.

"Ouch, this is no dream," yelled Mickey.

PATRICIA DALEY, L - 1

HUSKY

by RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY

KENT MCINTOSH, a Canadian northwoods trapper, had saved enough money to buy a cargo plane and become a brush-hopper flying supplies to trappers and mining camps, but trouble started with his first flight and on all of his flights thereafter. His gasoline was siphoned from the tank and instruments tampered with. When he tried to make night flights, someone moved the guide beacons he had set up to guide him in for a safe landing and he crashed into a grove of trees. Every flight brought him closer to death, for he soon discovered he was fighting a band of criminals who would stop at nothing to prevent Kent from making his deliveries. Kent did not let himself be stopped by these ruthless men, and with the help of a friend and his faithful dog Husky, Kent set out to prove the men guilty.

Mr. Montgomery goes into great description, building up more suspense in every paragraph. The characters seem real and one can imagine just how they feel when they are confronted with one of the many obstacles which all of them meet. The author seems to like dogs, for he builds Husky into an almost human character having thoughts and feelings.

BRUCE SMITHSON, L-1

CHRISTMAS VACATION

Behind me close the doors of learning,
Ahead, days of freedom I've been yearning,
Skating, skiing, snowballing, too,
Outdoor pleasures loom into view.
Fresh air and sunshine, cheeks all aglow,
Smiling countenances greet the snow;
Winter sports produce elation,
Must there be an end to vacation?

DIVISION 7-5

A POEM

A thing that is hard for me as a rule
Is to get a poem ready for school.
I look at my pencil in my tray,
And wonder what I can possibly say.
So I try and worry and wonder, too;
And this is the best that I can do.

RICHARD KANTER, 8-1

BEAUTY IN THE SKY

The glittering stars
Shining down in the night,
With a dazzling array
So lovely and bright,
Fill the sky and the heavens
Both here and there,
With a beauty enjoyed
By all everywhere.

With immensity so
In the skies up so high,
Filling the universe
Never to die
Glowing and glimmering
In their own special way,
Ever so beautiful,
Ever so gay.

DOROTHY DOUGLAS, 7-4

A SAILBOAT RACE

ONE day at camp we were going to have a big sailing race at a yacht club nearby. Some of the campers were to sail Beetles; others, Weales and Jafs.

The day was quite dark, but our instructor decided to have us go anyway. I felt quite lucky because I was assigned to a crew of two girls who were older and more experienced than I.

During the sail I had the tiller (the handle with which you steer the boat); one of the girls had the main sheet (the rope which controls the sail), and the other girl had the jib line.

The sky was getting darker every minute, but we still kept heading toward the yacht club. When we were halfway there, a loud crash of thunder was heard, and it began to pour violently. Because of this most of the boats put for shore, but a few capsized in the river, causing their occupants to swim to shore or hang onto the boat until help arrived.

My boat was unlucky at the time because we had to land where it was quite rocky. We had to paddle to shore because the sails were so wet. This was made very difficult because of the fog, but we finally reached shore and went to see how the others were.

When everyone was found to be all right, we went to a house nearby to call camp. After that the wind and rain died down and we went to see our boats. My Jaf was the only one which was badly damaged. There was a hole as big as a basketball in it, and the sail was torn. Everything turned out all right, but from that day on, we never went sailing on a cloudy day.

NANCY BAKER, 8-4

THE MOON

The Moon seems like a Queen to me
In all her mighty splendor;

She sits upon her heavenly throne
And rules the night forever;

Her subjects are the little stars
Bright and twinkling in the sky;

They bow to her and smile at her
Until the sun's first ray

Comes leaping out just like a King
To start to rule the day.

EMILY SPEAR, 7 - 1

I LIVE WITH MEMORIES

MY name is Fritz. I live in Germany. One day I was taken to a strange exciting place. There were men in uniform everywhere. I was put through a lot of tests and before I knew it I was in the army.

I have been out of the army now for about a year. Nothing exciting ever happens anymore, but I still have my memories.

Once while on guard duty, I remember as I was looking around, suddenly someone yelled, "Spy!" I ran after him and caught him by the seat of his pants. I surely was a hero after this.

Then there was the time we were out on patrol. One of the men fell off a bridge. I dived in and grabbed him. For this they gave me a medal.

Now I am just an old army dog with my memories.

PETER D'AMATO, PA - 1

RACING CARS

Down goes the flag,
We're on our way
Racing like fools
For a little pay.

First lap goes by without a hitch,
Next lap my wheels begin to twitch
The third lap they put on the speed,
But I go for a great big lead.

My wheels are rolling slower and slower
Till one comes off and I roll over
The race is finished for me I know
But for others, they go, go, go.

THOMAS MARMEN, 7 - 1

SPRING

Although the world is lovely,
Clad in snowy white,
Trimmed with shining jewels
That fill me with delight,
I long for the apple blossoms,
For robins that sweetly sing;
For soft gray pussy willows
That come to us in the spring.

Although I enjoy winter sports,
The sliding in the snow,
I do look forward to the spring
And the flowers that sweetly grow.
I dream of the grass-grown spaces,
The fragrance of flowers in the air,
Of crocuses and tulips,
In the springtime fair.

Although old winter's beauty
Is gleaming everywhere,
Soon sparrows will be sending
Sweet notes through the air.
I wake in the early morning,
The sun through my window shines.
The breezes which are soft and warm
Are signs of the glad springtime.

LEA ELDRIDGE, 8 - 2

THE SEA AT NIGHT

The sea and all its glory
Seems to have a mighty force,
It wavers here and there
Yet doesn't have a course.

The sea which sometimes shakes and
trembles
Is peaceful and calm this night,
The moon shines down upon it
And casts an eerie light.

Its waves splash high upon the rocks
And the sound echoes through the night,
All is calm and quiet
Until the morning light.

LINDA JOHNSON, 7 - 1

BEAUTY TONIGHT

'Twas snowing this morning —
'Twas raining last night —
The cold wind was biting,
And blowing with might.

The hillsides are covered,
And fields are so white,
Tho' blue skies are smothered,
There's beauty tonight.

GISELA FEYERABEND, 7 - 2

THE CAREFREE BROOK

Swiftly tumbling,
Joyfully bubbling,
The brook hurries on under bridges.

Frolicking playfully,
Swirling so merrily,
Leaping o'er rocks and ridges.

Rapidly rushing,
Cheerfully gushing,
Singing a babbling song.

Twisting and twinkling
With ripples a-wrinkling,
It sparkles and shimmers along.

BETSEY MOOD, 8-5

MY SAD PLIGHT

When I'm laughing for nothing at all,
I'm sure to hear the teacher's call.

Then my face turns crimson red,
Like an ostrich, I'm ready to hide my head.

When questioned about my impulsive laughter,
Thoughts leap ahead to my hereafter.

Silently staring at the floor,
Warning my mind — wander never — more,

My answer must be given to "Why?"
Straight truth it will be — not a lie.

Feelings of shame and stupidity,
Torturing myself — third degree.

Grins never again will appear on my face,
Misery to me, and to the class — disgrace.

JUDITH BOUDREAU, 7-5

BOOK REVIEW

KNIGHT OF THE REVOLUTION by Sidney W. Dean, is dedicated to Francis Marion, one of the most daring patriotic heroes of the American Revolution. His exploits are almost incredible. Because he led the American troops through the swamps of the Carolinas, the British general, Tarleton, nicknamed him "Swamp Fox." The "Swamp Fox" and his men, cloaked in black capes, would sneak into the British camps at night, steal guns, gun powder, and food, then slip away into the darkness. Once he urged his ever-ready horse, "Ball", to leap a high fence and clear a four-foot ditch to evade the British Soldiers. Excitement and adventure are in store for the reader of KNIGHT OF THE REVOLUTION.

ROBERT TEAGUE, 7-5

BOOK REVIEW

"THE whale doesn't live that can get away from me!" Ned boasted. Suddenly the fearsome creature began to move toward them. On it came, frightful to behold, with its blindingly bright eyes, and two enormous spouts of water shooting up from its snout. It was more than human flesh and blood could endure. The monster bore down upon them with nerve-shattering sound and baleful glitter of light. This time the horrified crew saw that it was not submerging as it had done previously. The cries of the men could scarcely be heard above the hideous noise of the attacking monster.

Then it struck!

This is only one of the many amazing and exciting events which take place in the book 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA by Jules Verne.

If you would like to find out what happens, this book may be obtained at the Public Library.

NEIL SHARE, 8-2

JOAN OF ARC

A maiden warrior both brave and true,
In her short life had much to do.
Helped crown the king,
Helped keep France free,
She fought and died for liberty.
Her faith and her courage,
Her shield and her lance,
Together were the tools which brought
victory to France.

REANNE PAINCHAUD, 8-1

FROM THE PAST TO THE PRESENT

History is a subject that can be fun,
It deals with things that have been done,
Open the book to the very first page,
Here we meet cave men and animals
of that age.

Let's look to Egypt, so ancient and old.
Many things about it have been told,
Tales of armies struggling for life,
Bold rulers and their never-ending strife.

Soon we come to colonial days,
People, then, had different ways,
Cleaning barns, scrubbing floors,
Knitting, spinning, — even much more.

Trouble with Indians, sickness, and
disease.
Life in those days wasn't lived in ease,
Modern America of today.
Was certainly built in a heroic way.

MARSHA FLYNN, 7-5

RAYMOND ANTHONY

I have a bright-eyed baby brother,
Strange to say he's never a bother;
Laughing and playing all the time,
I'm proud to say he's a brother of mine.

Kicking and smiling most of the day,
When I come home, he's ready for play;
Never crying, he's full of joy,
How lucky we are to own this little boy.

Some people say he resembles his father,
Others say he looks like his mother;
Some people just don't know, you see,
But I think he looks like Raymond Anthony.

MARILYN WOODS, 7-5

BOOK REVIEW

JAMES H. "DUKE" WELLINGTON, JR., an intercollegiate track star has some unhappy pitfalls, balanced by some fortunate incidents in his striving to make the United States Olympic Team. He meets Lou Schumacher, who defeats him in his first real test, the Studebaker Mile. At the time, Duke is in agony with a cold but faithful to his duty to run.

Duke has barely made the Olympic Team and now is faced with the 15,000 meter Olympic run. His main competitor is Brocklehurst, a German who is considered the fastest man on the track. Suddenly the gun goes off. Duke, who is on the inside, has a slight lead on Brocklehurst, but he can't keep up and falls a few yards behind him. Brocklehurst is now in the lead for what Duke hopes to be two laps. Now, in the third lap Brocklehurst hasn't slackened pace. Duke is wrong and now is undergoing real pressure. He hears a faint sound. It is the gun for the bell lap. At that Brocklehurst moves ahead, an inch, a foot.

For the climax of this story take *THE DUKE DECIDES* from the library shelf.

JOHN GLOVSKY, 7-5

THE RAIN

I love to go walking in the rain,
The droplets splashing on my face.
How can the rain make the puddles
That vanish without any trace?

When the rain comes pouring down
The tree is my umbrella.
I run and stand beneath its limbs,
For this is nature's shelter.

CAROL ENGLEHARDT, 7-3

THE HEAD

FOUR men were missing and presumed dead after the big storm. The beach was always covered with debris of all kinds. As after every northeaster, my girl friend and I wanted to explore to see everything brought in by the tide.

We found only garbage, sticks, seaweed, and jelly fish until we came to what resembled a smooth rock about the size and shape of a head. Could it be a head of one of the men lost at sea?

We gave each other a quick glance and ran for home as fast as we could. It seemed like miles even though my house was just up the street from the beach. What was it? Could it be identified if it was a head? Suppose it was hollow and green and decayed! What would Mom say?

We panted into my friend's house. Since no one was home except her brother Bill we unfolded our story to him. He seemed even more excited than we. He took his spear and started back to the beach with us. My thoughts grew worse. Maybe it was a treasure! Maybe it had gold in it! Maybe it had a nauseating piece of goo. I would be scared stiff! We started down the road to the beach. It was getting darker now, and soon the street lights would be on. The dark, which had never bothered me, now added to my terrors. Imagine me, going to look at a dead head in the dark. How could anything be worse? Suppose it came to life?

By the time we reached the beach, I was thoroughly nervous. As we walked across the sand, my heart beat faster and faster until I could no longer stand the suspense, yet I dreaded the encounter with "the thing."

Then we were upon it. Slowly Bill took his spear and poked the object. It was a tense moment. Yes, sure enough the object was soft. Gently he turned it over.

It was only a watermelon rind.

LORRAINE JARNES, L-2

GUESS!

It's like a million tiny volts
That make you tingle while you jolt;
It's shaky, but it's full of pep;
If you can't guess it, you're not hep.

The stars are in your eyes right now,
You feel real great, you do — and how!
You can't explain the way you feel,
It feels so great, it makes you reel.

Well, put your brain to work, my friend,
'Cause "I ain't squealing" 'til the end;
Well, now, I'll let you in on this,
But couldn't you guess that it's a kiss?

PRISCILLA DECHENE, JBT-1

WHAT WILL THEY THINK?

JUDY moaned as she stumbled disconsolately downstairs. She felt sick every time she thought about facing the gang. She had dressed carefully, putting on a pink sweater and a beige tweed skirt, thinking the kids would see how nice she looked today, and perhaps they wouldn't notice them. A glance at the clock told her she wouldn't have time to eat. Judy grabbed her books and a wool blazer and ran out the door.

"Why should I hurry," she thought. "This is the one day when I don't care whether I'm late or not."

But that wasn't the only thought in her mind. Other thoughts such as whether Dick would still take her to the dance, what would he think, would the gang laugh and josh her — these whirled through her head.

As she walked across the campus, she forgot about her troubles and remembered the French test she was to take first period — Vais, vas, va, aller, allez, vont. No, that wasn't right — vais, vas, va, allons, allez, — oh no! she'd be found out first period! A test, concentration, headaches, her mind was racing; the high school door near. What would she do? She'd be the laughing stock of the whole school.

Judy opened the locker door and removed everything in the locker except her lunch and gym clothes. All those books would certainly serve as camouflage along with her clothes, she thought.

She slowly walked to her homeroom and sat down, ignoring all the latest gossip. The bell rang, and she filed along through the back door to find Dick standing there, waiting to walk her to French class. Good old faithful Dick, he was always there when she needed him the most. But would he be the same old faithful friend she had known when he found out?

Judy felt self-conscious as she walked down the corridor with Dick. Luckily there was no need for conversation as Dick was studying his French.

Dick opened the classroom door and followed Judy into the room to their seats.

"Bonjour, mes élèves" greeted them. "Fermez les livres et prenez du papier. Nous commençons notre examen."

The crucial moment neared. Judy glanced at Dick, then followed the direction given to them by their teacher. What would he think?

She gulped, and took the necessary step putting on her new glasses for the first time in public.

GAYLE KENNEDY, F - 1

THE HALE HOUSE

The Hale House has stood
For many a year.
Nine generations
Of Hales have lived here.

There is a fireplace
In every room.
Here Mistress Hale
Must have swept with a broom.

The wide boards creak
In every floor.
They've been there
Since 1694.

DIANE HUBBARD, 8 - 2

SCIENCE — DIVISION 8 - 2

Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen gases,
Things we've studied in science classes.
Know the stars we see in space,
Sun and moon and earth keep pace.

Charting pressure and satellites seeking,
Noticing weather, havoc wreaking.
Studying water many a day,
Filmstrips changing work to play.

Come one, come all to science class,
Learn how wonders come to pass.

NEIL SHARE, 8 - 2

BIG BRIGHT EYES

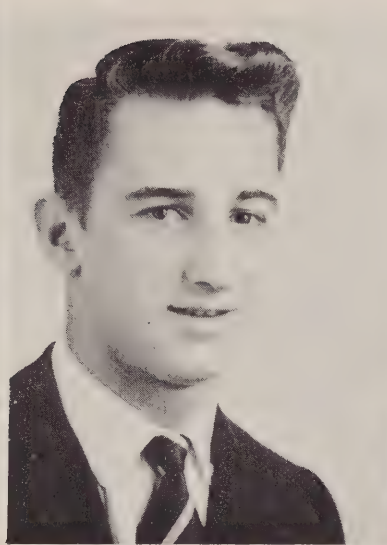
ONE gloomy evening, I was sitting alone by the living room fire enjoying a dramatic episode which took place in the Far East. Just as the heroine was undergoing a great test of muscular coordination, the screen was blurred by a fuzz. A few seconds of the unusual occurrence revealed an advertisement. As I was watching, pangs of hunger gripped me. Not wanting to miss a second of the program, I rushed into the darkened kitchen and hastily opened the cabinet. Staring directly at me were a pair of huge, yellow green eyes. I stood immobile. Groping, I turned the light switch. Shamefacedly, I was reading an illustrated dog food label recommending the proper diet for those big, bright eyes.

JOHN GLOVSKY, 7 - 5

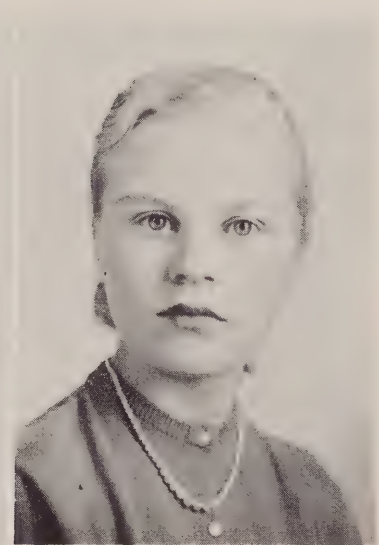
Class Leaders of 1956



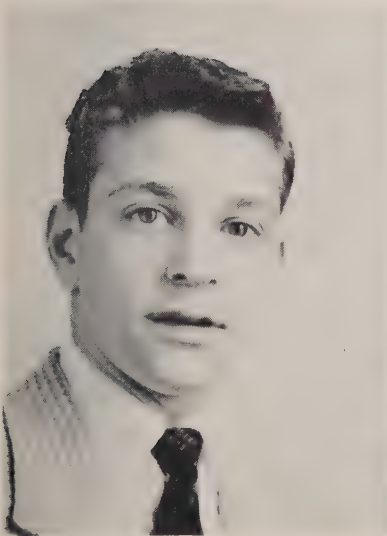
ELLEN HENNESSEY
President of Advisory Council



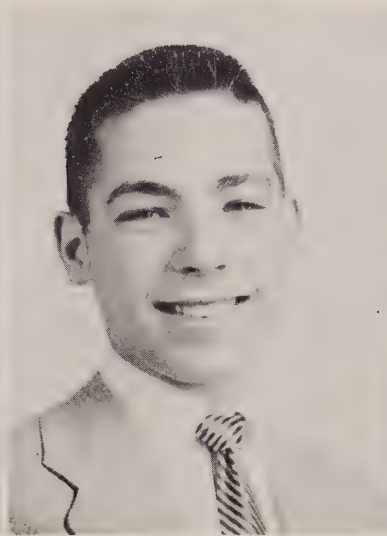
WILLIAM HAMOR
Class President



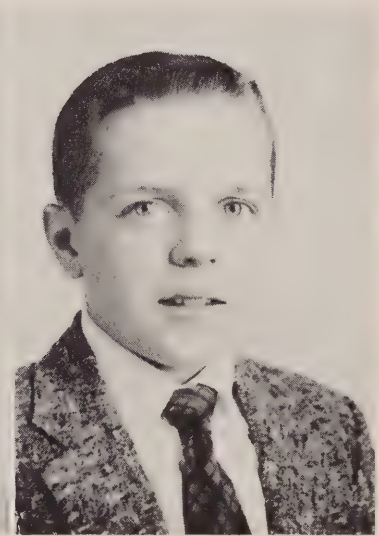
HELEN HOVEY
Editor-in-Chief, Briscoe Briefs



LEO ALLEN
Vice President



THOMAS DOOLING
Secretary



KENNETH TRASK
Treasurer

Class of 1956



Class of 1956

<i>Names</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Vocation</i>
Barbara Albert	Barb	Swimming	Physician
Patricia Carr	Pat	Skating	Nurse
Kenneth H. Clayton	Tiger	Hockey	Naval Pilot
David F. Cole		Swimming	Architect
Patricia Daley	Patti	Tennis	Journalist
Warren S. Davidson	Butch	Hockey	Doctor
Paul W. Geary	Snuffy	Sports	Chemical Engineer
Ellen Hennessey		Skating	Nurse
Alan F. Nagel	Al	Music	Geologist
Martha Ossoff	Martee	Swimming	Physical Therapist
Gordon Reid	Tonto	Baseball	Dentist
Elaine F. Sangster	Sanka	Basketball	Veterinarian
Richard A. Schliemann	Tex	Sailing	Aeronautical Engineer
Richard L. Scotti	Dickie	Swimming	Furniture Salesman
Raymond E. Smart	Ray	Woodcarving	Artist
W. Bruce Smithson	Comrade	Hockey	Physicist
Patricia A. Soucy	Pat	Swimming	Nurse
Larry G. Thibodeau		Swimming	Pharmacist
Ellen N. Toll	Ellie	Horseback riding	Dog Breeder
Beverly J. Trefry	Bev	Cooking	Missionary
Carol Vaccaro	Carrie	Reading	Secretary
Roberta J. Villanti	Bobby	Bicycling	Veterinarian
Gail Woodbury	Gay	Sailing	Psychologist
Thomas Bartera	Tommy	Bowling	Electrical Engineer
Donald Fortunato	Rick	Sports	Industrial Designer
Frederick Gabriel	Gabby	Sports	Surgeon
James Gibbons	Gib	Football	Engineer
Kenneth Hayes		Camping	Lawyer
William Hemenway	Herman	Hunting	Civil Engineer
Lorraine Jarnes	Jarnesy	Swimming	Physical Therapist
Judith Kransberg	Judy	Swimming	Dental Hygienist
Frank Laroe	Woody	Sports	Doctor
Frederick MacKenzie	Ted	Hunting	Surgeon
Leonard McCarthy	Lenny	Sports	F.B.I. Agent
Dorothy Maglio	Dottie	Skating	Nurse
Harvey Marron	Ham	Baseball	Engine Designer
Frances Menesale	Chic Chic	Swimming	Nurse
Wayne Mitchell	Mitch	Boating	Engineer
Sally Muzzey	Sal	Swimming	Teacher
Virginia Myer	Ginny	Basketball	Physical Therapist
Sandra Phipps	Sandy	Basketball	Airline Stewardess
Hugh Ricciardi		Baseball	U. S. Army

Class of 1956



Class of 1956

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Vocation</i>
Robert Silva	Silva	Wood Working	Contractor
Sally Stickens	Stick	Dancing	Laboratory Technician
John Ward	Jock	Day Dreaming	Physicist
Stanley Wescott	Stan	Social Activities	Dentist
Leo Allen	Lee	Sports	Armed Forces
James Baxter	Jimmy	Sports	Engineer
Arthur Bryant Jr.	Artie	Sailing	Engineer
David D'Entremont	Dave	Music	Commercial Artist
Thomas Dooling	Doo	Football	Flyer
Bruce W. Elliott		Cars	Navy
John Flynn	Jack	Ham Radio	Engineer
George Gallagher	Patrick	Sports	Engineer
William D. Hamor	Bill	Sports	Merchant Marines
Helen Hovey		Horseback Riding	Journalist
Anthony Jack	Tony	Hockey	Engineer
Gayle E. Kennedy		Swimming	Physical Ed. Teacher
Joan Morgan	Joanie	Dancing	Nurse
Allan Morse	Chick	Airplanes	Engineer
William D. Nelson	Nelly	Bowling	Engineer
Linda E. Russo		Tennis	Physical Ed. Teacher
Arthur Scotti	Artie	Baseball	Teacher
Richard A. Steele Jr.	Andy	Sports	Journalist
Frances Swan	Franny	Swimming	Physical Ed. Teacher
Linda Toll	Lyn	Swimming	Surgical Nurse
Kenneth Trask	Hercules	Basketball	Accountant
Georgia A. Bunk	Bunk	Swimming	Wave
Richard W. Burke	Dicky	Bowling	Accountant
Philip L. Cicchetti	Philly	Camping	Chemist
Sandra Cotraro	Sabre	Skating	Secretary
Dianne Connolly		Dancing	Secretary
Raymond Cruddas	Ray	Sports	Bookkeeper
Priscilla Dechene	Polly	Singing	Professional Singer
Bessie Dossett		Singing	S. A. Officer
Rhea Gaynor		Swimming	Medical Secretary
Patricia A. Iovanna	Pat	Athletics	Dancer
Virginia Lansol	Ginger	Swimming	Private Secretary
Nancy L. Lindsey	Nan	Reading	Secretary
Roger H. Masse	Rovie	Sailing	Cabinet Maker
Linda McEachern	Lyn	Swimming	Private Secretary
Lois Mirandi		Athletics	Secretary
Joanne Raffa	Raffi	Movies	Hairdresser
Carol Paluzzi		Swimming	Secretary

Class of 1956



Class of 1956

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Pastime</i>	<i>Vocation</i>
Nancy Risoldi		Ice Skating	Medical Secretary
Robert Rochford	Rocky	Basketball	Pilot
Barbara Russo	Barb	Swimming	Secretary
Patricia Silverio	Pat	Skating	Secretary
Barbara Sullivan	Barb	Swimming	Clerk
Sylvia Tanner	Syb	Swimming	Waaf-Air Force
Louise Thomas	Wease	Swimming	Stewardess
Thomas Vasile		Camping	U. S. Air Force
Linda Woodberry	Lynn	Skating	Secretary
Lorraine Bertone	Lorrie	Dancing	Nurse
Virginia Bontorno	Ginger	Boys	Waves
Catherine Boudreau	Cathy	Playing	Secretary
Thomas Corbett	Tommy	Football	Pattern Maker
Daniel J. Curran	Dannie	Helping Father	Navy
Peter D'Amato	Tomato	Records	Carpenter
Paul Dube	Webster	Girls	Machinist
Roger Dumas	Jumbo	Baseball	Mechanic
Willard Fullerton	Willy	Fishing	Carpenter
Walter Godfrey	Wally	Skin Diving	Carpenter
Jo-Ann Hughes		Knitting	Shoe Shop Owner
Alfred Kimball	Joe	Pin-ball	Carpenter
Joan Krevatis	Joanne	Dancing	Nurse
Carroll MacDougall	Mack	Games	Machinist
John Marsella	Ralph	Model Air Planes	Policeman
Paul MacRae		Model Railroading	Carpenter
Joseph Paluzzi	Joe	Basketball	Machinist
Norma Peeples	Peeps	Dancing	Secretary
Donald Phipps		Plane Spotter	Pilot
Robert Pieroni	Bobby	Basketball	Printer
Norman Russell	Dugie	Girls	Air Force
Mary Saunders	Honey	Swimming	Housewife
Thomas Sullivan	Sully	Ice Skating	Carpenter
Alfred Thibodeau		Making Models	Machinist
Allan Tondreau	Al	Records	Radio & TV. Technician
Edward Troubetaris	Greek		Lawyer
Peter Anderson	Pete	Fixing Radios	Electric Wirer
NO PICTURE			
Dorothy Regan	Dottie	Dancing	Housewife

Sports

FOOTBALL

UNDER the leadership of Coach Leo Smith Briscoe had an out-standing football season highlighted by a 19-7 victory over Memorial. The season's record was three wins and one loss.

The first game was played at Hurd Stadium against Marblehead Jr. High. In this game everyone played exceptionally well as Briscoe downed the 'Headers 42 to 0.

Briscoe was scheduled to play Saugus next, but because of bad weather this game was canceled. To make up for this game, Briscoe encountered the Gloucester Jr. High eleven. This was a hard fought game all the way, but Briscoe came out on top in this game by a score of 13 to 0.

The next game was the big one of the season. This was against Briscoe's city rival, Memorial Jr. High. There was a great deal of spirit in this game, for it was for the city championship. Both teams played very well in this game, but it was the speedy running of George Gallagher which accounted for two of the touchdowns and the hard plunging of fullback Billie Hamor which made the difference. The final score was Briscoe 19, Memorial 7.

The final game was the only game in which Briscoe was defeated. This was the game between Briscoe and Swampscott. This game was played mostly between the two forty-yard lines. The only scoring was made by passing and long runs. Andy Steele and Tom Dooling scored for Briscoe's two touchdowns. The score was Briscoe 13, Swampscott 20.

On the whole Briscoe's football team was very successful, outscoring its opponents by 59 points. It was the fine playing of the line which consisted of Allie LeClair, Frank Wetmore, Jock Ward, Leo Allen, Jim Gibbons, George Gallagher, Lenny McCarthy, Fred Gabriel, and Richard Scotti and the backfield of Tom Dooling, Andy Steele, Bill Hamor, and Gordon Reid which helped to make this year's team successful. However, none of these wins would have been possible without the fine coaching of Mr. Smith.

JAMES GIBBONS, L-2

BASKETBALL

A rebuilding program was carried on in basketball this year under Coach Leo Smith. A team from each grade held practice sessions in the Edwards School gym. Grade 7 failed to produce a win in three games, but learned the fundamentals. They dropped two games to their cross-town rival, Memorial Junior High, by scores

of 26-5 and 21-6. The third game was with Marblehead, Briscoe losing 42-6.

The eighth grade won one game from Memorial 25-16, but lost its second 25-16. The last game with Marblehead proved to be a thriller, but Briscoe was once again on the short end of the score, 23-18.

The ninth grade played a series of five games with Memorial, winning one and losing four. Briscoe then succeeded in downing the Essex Aggie five, 46-41. Playing their last game for Briscoe were Jim Gibbons, Bobby Rochford, George Gallagher, Bob Pieroni, Tex Schliemann and Andy Steele.

ANDY STEELE, F-1

GIRLS' SPORTS

BRISCOE girls this year have been able to enjoy a varied program of sports: basketball, volley ball, soccer, badminton, and tumbling. Led by Co-captains Elaine Sangster and Pat Iovanna, the basketball team played two games, one with Memorial and the other with Shore Country Day School. Although both games ended in defeat, the girls learned much from them. Other members of the team were Martha Ossoff, Gail Woodbury, Georgia Bunk, Pat Soucy, Linda McEachern, Margaret Russell, Nancy Risoldi, Lorraine Jarnes, Sandra Phipps, Joanne Pszeny, Diane and Sandra Hubbard.

Soccer was also enjoyed by the girls. Under the instruction of their gym teacher, Mrs. Huffman, they learned the rules of the game and how to guard, dribble, and shoot. At the end of several weeks of fundamentals Mrs. Huffman gave a test which included dribbling and shooting. Seventh grader Betty Skea made a score of twenty-seven out of a possible thirty-two points.

Early in November an after-school volley ball tournament began until the week before Christmas. The winning team in Grade 8 was 8-2, in Grade 9, L-1, in Grade 7 a tie. Outstanding players were Elaine Sangster of L-1, Gail Kennedy of F-1, Lorna Kransberg and Diane Hubbard of 8-2, Martha Gall and Dorothy Douglas of 7-4.

Badminton was played in all the gym classes for a period of five weeks. An after school tournament was put on by the eighth grade girls' athletic club from January twenty-fifth to February seventh. Lorraine Jarnes won first place, Helen Hovey second, Dorothy Douglas third, and Elaine Sangster fourth place.

LINDA MCEACHERN, JBT

Features

SCIENCE AT THE POLES

REVEREND DANIEL M. LINEHAN, S. J., a Beverly scientist who is internationally renowned as a seismologist and geophysicist at Weston College Observatory, gave an enlightening illustrated lecture at Memorial Junior High School on November 10, 1955, sponsored by the Beverly College Club. Many students as well as adults enjoyed and profited by his first public appearance in Beverly. A few days later he left for the Antarctic to join the United States Naval Expedition headed by Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

Scientific information which he will thus have gathered on his two previous polar journeys and on the United States Navy's current "Operation Deep Freeze" at the South Pole will contribute to the knowledge which will be exchanged among the scientists of the world in the International Geophysical Year of 1957.

It was a special privilege, therefore, for the people of Beverly and its vicinity to gather at the Memorial auditorium to hear Father Linehan speak and to see beautiful colored slides of his previous polar expeditions.

Although the famed Beverly Farms priest and scientist entitled his lecture "Science in the Antarctic," it covered his experiences in both the Arctic and Antarctic. In the summer of 1954, Father Linehan related, he sailed to the Arctic in a small ship which was the first to sail the Bering Channel and make scientific instrument measurements of the north magnetic pole. A few months later he went on a United States Naval expedition to the Antarctic.

The knowledge that Father Linehan attained in his 1954 voyages into the polar regions prepared him and other scientists for their present preliminary efforts for the International Geophysical Year, during which the Antarctic will be the chief target of expeditions of the eleven nations between July, 1957, and December, 1958.

HELEN HOVEY, F-1

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

THE BRISCOE BRIEFS staff wishes to thank all who have contributed in the production of this book. We especially thank our principal, Mr. Foley, for his advice and encouragement; the ninth grade typewriting classes, who typed the copy; and the students who submitted literary material.

LESTER C. AYERS

THIS year Lester C. Ayers, Director of Guidance in the Beverly school system and a native of Beverly, was elected by the School Committee as Superintendent of Schools to succeed the retiring Starr M. King. The fifty-one year old educator and war veteran officially took office on April second.

Mr. Ayers graduated from Beverly High School in 1922 and the University of New Hampshire in 1927. At the University of Michigan in 1934 he earned his master's degree. From 1928 on he taught in Salem, New Hampshire, and at Danvers High School until he was elected an instructor at Beverly High School in 1939. He was Director of Adult Education in Beverly until he was named director of the newly created Guidance Department in 1948.

As an undergraduate and after leaving college he was active in the Army Reserve, saw active service in World War II, and was decorated several times. He is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army Reserve and is commanding officer of the 103rd Anti-Aircraft Group at Lawrence.

The students of Briscoe wish Mr. Ayers many happy and successful years in his position as Beverly's Superintendent of Schools.

BRUCE SMITHSON, L-1

CLASS SONG

TUNE: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*

Oh, Briscoe, 'though we leave you now,
Our hearts' will still recall
That in times of fear these past two years,
Your spirit has been all.
All the strength we needed to obtain
Our longed and worked-for goals;
We think of this today.

The lessons have been overcome
By studying tak'n in stride,
As we spent long hours with hearts divided
'tween fun and our pride;
Though we leave you now, dear Briscoe,
We will proudly think of you
And colors blue and gold.

Chorus

We have made so many friendships
With our teachers and our classmates,
As we face the beck'ning future,
Your strength will carry us on.

MARTHA OSSOFF, L-1

NEW FACULTY MEMBERS

IN September, 1955, Briscoe was happy to welcome four new teachers: Mrs. Eunice Huffman, girls' physical education instructor; Miss Elvira Lewis, grade 7; Miss Grace Mayberry, music; and Miss Joan Michie, science. Each has had several years of experience and each has imprinted her knowledge and personality upon our school.

Mrs. Huffman was born in New York. She attended Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, where she majored in physical education, American history and literature. Before coming to Briscoe, she did much "Y" work in Chicago. Her favorite pastimes are ship modeling, singing, and cars.

Briscoe's new science teacher, Miss Michie, came to us from Andover, New Hampshire. She is a native of Somerville, Massachusetts, is a graduate of Cambridge Academy, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and of Keene Teachers College, Keene, New Hampshire. She has taken summer courses at Boston University and at Plymouth Teachers College, Plymouth, New Hampshire. While she was in college, she was a member of Kappa Delta Pi, which is the National Education Society. Miss Michie enjoys all sports especially baseball, basketball and swimming.

From Sebago, Maine, comes Miss Lewis who graduated from Gorham State Teachers College. Before coming to Briscoe, Miss Lewis taught two years in Hampton, New Hampshire, and two years at the Brown School in North Beverly. She enjoys music and outdoor sports.

Miss Grace Mayberry, the music teacher for the seventh, eighth, and ninth graders, was born in Somerville, Massachusetts. She attended Barnard College, Columbia University, New York. Before coming to Briscoe, she taught at Grosse Pointe, Michigan. Her favorite sport is ice skating, which she often enjoys, and her favorite pastime is music. She particularly enjoys selections from Broadway musicals.

BRISCOE HONOR ROLL

TEN seventh graders, sixteen eighth graders, and four ninth graders have achieved the distinction this year of receiving major honors for three quarters. Major honors are awarded to students who receive two A's in major subjects, with all other marks B and no U's in citizenship.

The seventh grade major subjects are English, mathematics, reading, geography, and history. The eighth grade major subjects are English, mathematics, and social studies. In the ninth grade they are English, mathematics, social studies, French, Latin, science, junior business training, and practical arts.

The following students have received major honors for the first three quarters of 1955 - 1956:

GRADE 7: Constance Akerley, Judith Brigham, John Davenport, Dorothy Douglas, William Earle, Carol Englehardt, John Glovsky, Marlene Jaffe, Linda Johnson, and Emily Spear.

GRADE 8: Evan Brodie, Anne Couhig, Maureen Darcy, Joanne Datillo, David Dove, Charles Elliott, Gail Freedman, David Hackett, Diane Hubbard, Hinda Katz, Paul Manzi, Betsey Mood, Patricia Obear, Joanne Pszeny, Neil Share, and Judith Ward.

GRADE 9: Alan Nagel, William Nelson, Martha Ossoff, and W. Bruce Smithson.

BETSEY MOOD, 8 - 5

THE HALE HOUSE

THE original Hale House was built in 1694 by John Hale, a minister who formed the first gathered church in 1659. His wife was accused of witchcraft and because of the falseness of this, he stopped all witch hunting in Beverly. This original section consists of three rooms. Later, in 1745, a front dining room and several bed chambers were added. In the kitchen the original beams were hand hewn. There is a fire place in every room, and the hardware, hinges, and latches are still in good condition. In the dining room the old-fashioned windows have inscriptions carved on them. Here also stands John Hale's original Bible and stand. A leather fire bucket which belonged to the famous Nathan Hale is in the hall with the staff of office of Colonel Robert Hale, who was a sheriff. Nine generations of Hales have lived here.

Now the Historical Society takes care of the building and the Improvement Society cares for the grounds. On the grounds there are some lovely European beech trees, some of which are hundreds of years old. The Hale House Book Shop is owned and run by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cooper. Here there is a lending library, some of the latest books, gifts and greeting cards.

DIANE HUBBARD, 8 - 2

Humor

MONEY

Money is the source of all evil,
So the writers and scholars do say.
I will now give you my impression
Of the value of money today.

The question that is asked in the household
The question that is asked all the time,
Can range anywhere from a check,
To a measly counterfeit dime.

Now the family doesn't really waste money,
They just dig up new items and there it
goes.
Airplanes, hats, baseball bats,
Suits, gloves, and hose.

Between the child, the teen-ager, and the
wife,
Poor Pop doesn't have a chance.
It's really embarrassing for the poor giver-
outer
To walk around with holes in his pants.
Thursday is the day to look out and beware,
For everyone wears a forced grin,
Wishing and waiting for Friday,
When the money once more comes in.

Friday night at last rolls 'round,
Waiting for when Daddy pays.
The door opens slowly and there stands
Pop,
"Darling, I've got a raise."

Excitement follows that beautiful statement,
For everyone is through being foes.
But for Daddy it only means more
Airplanes, hats, baseball bats,
Suits, gloves, and hose.

CYNTHIA DAVIS, 8-5

THE WAY OF A POSTMAN

A postman's life is not always gay,
Sometimes he feels like running away
And hiding in a hollow tree,
But, without his help, where would we be?

Take the seasons of the year
And think of what he has to fear.
Add them up beside his pay,
No wonder he feels like running away.

It's early morning in the spring,
He has to deliver a yo-yo string.
A box of candy to Fatty Jones
And a rusty hypo to Dr. Bones.

As he walks down a shady lane,
He slips and falls on a cane.
The rusty needle went into his hand,
And Fatty's candy fell in the sand.

This happens year in, it happens year out,
And not once does he holler and shout,
About a dog's teeth and a jar of jam,
But continues his work for Uncle Sam.

We should give credit
Where credit is due.
I think he deserves it.
How about you?

HINDA KATZ, 8-1

THE BONE

ONE day when I was about three years old,
my mother took me down to the library.
Before I left, I got a turkey leg to nibble on
while I waited in the car. While I was outside
the library, an elderly lady stopped to chat. By
then I had nothing left of the leg but a bone.
In answer to her curiosity, I replied, "I swiped
it off a dog."

The woman was terrified. She tried to coax
me to throw that "nasty old bone away," but I
said the dog had no more use for it. Finally
she ran up the library steps to get my mother.
On the way up, her grocery bag ripped and
scattered her groceries all over the steps. She
came back with my mother, who explained to
her that it was only a turkey leg. The woman
then disgustedly picked up her groceries (by
then two or three dogs had been nibbling on
what smelled good) and went about her busi-
ness, giving me a very disgusted glance, but I
was too busy laughing to care.

FRED MACKENZIE, L-2

CLASSROOM QUIPS

Tommy: Dad, how do you find the prime fac-
tors of 12 and 24?

Dad: Oh, don't tell me they're still looking for
them! They had us hunting for them when I
was in school.

These Texans

At the age of two Ike and his parents moved
Abilene, Kansas, from Texas.

ONE CLEVER BUNNY

There once was a rabbit
Who acquired the habit,
Of twitching the end of his nose.

His sisters and brothers
And various others
Said, "Look at the way that it goes!"

Now 'one clever bunny
Said, "Isn't that funny?
I'll practice that down in the dell."

He practiced and practiced
Without any slackness
Till he did it remarkably well.

Now all the world over
Where bunnies eat clover
And burrow and dig with their toes

There's hardly a rabbit
That hasn't the habit
Of twitching the end of its nose.

PATRICIA SHEA, 7-3

THE TWO FLIES

ONE day two flies were merrily buzzing
along when one said to the other, "I'm
hungry."

They buzzed down and landed on the handle
of a lawn mower. After a while along came a
delivery boy who dropped a package of baloney.
Both flies rushed down and began to eat. Soon
both were full, and they returned to the handle.
The first fly, who was greedy, looked longingly
at the remaining meat, and finally flew toward
it. He was too stuffed to make it. He fell to the
ground and killed himself. The moral is, "Don't
fly off the handle when you're full of baloney."

ARE YOU HEP?

Most of the popular fads from East to West
Are the fads that the girls and boys like best:
Charcoal pants and charcoal skirts,
Light gray v-necks and pale pink shirts,
Dirty bucks and woolen socks
Look real nice when a hep kid rocks;
Italian jersey or man-tailored white,
No matter what the fad, it's always right;
If you're not hep, you're just too late,
You'll wind up with never a date.

SYLVIA TANNER, JBT

Edible?

For supper I had some delicious fried claims.

Definition: An autobiography is a story of a per-
son's life written while he is still living.

A SONG AND A LAUGH

TOO LATE NOW — Report Cards

MOMENTS TO REMEMBER — Briscoe Briefs
Record Hops

HARD TO GET — A's

YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART — Warn-
ing Cards

SLOW POKE — The Clock

GO ON BY — September 1955 to June 1956

THIS OLE HOUSE — Briscoe Jr. High School

IF — We Didn't Have Homework

SOME ENCHANTED EVENING — Night
Before Exams

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES MORE — At
Lunchtime

YOU'VE GOT ME WONDERING — If I'll
Pass

SIXTEEN TONS — Books

DAVY CROCKETT — History Class

WISH YOU WERE HERE — June 1956

HOW SOON — Will Class Be Over

FOREVER AND EVER — Talking

JOAN MORGAN, F-1

ELLEN HENNESSEY, L-1

MY DREAM CAR

MY dream car will be made of aluminum and
will weigh about three hundred pounds.
It will have remote control to drive it. Press a
button and wings will appear. Press another
button and you will start zooming away to the
moon on Highway XYZ. There will be a short
wave radio set in the trunk. My dream car
will go 175 miles per hour on earth, while in the
air it will have supersonic speed. There will be
no tires. It will run by magnets in the roads.
These roads will enable me to cross the country
without a stop or interference with other cars.
I shall be able to carry fifteen passengers. I can
enjoy every minute watching the scenery as I
speed along on earth and the shooting stars and
comets as I wing to the moon. Shall I see you
there in 1998?

JOSEPH PALUZZI, PA-1

Daffynitions

Television: A radio with eyestrain.

Musician: A band aid.

Forger: A man who makes a name for himself.

Blotter: Something you look for while the
ink dries.

Dentist's office: Chamber of hollers.

Hamburger: Steak that didn't pass its physical.

Child: A creature who is halfway between
an adult and a television set.

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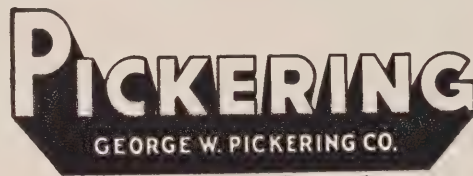
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